



# Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. TAWNY! BUT TELL ME—HOW DID YOU, A TIGER, EVER LEARN TO TALK TO HUMANS?

IT'S A LONG STORY, CAPTAIN MARVEL! IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CUB IN THE JUNGLE...

*Out Today!*

**CAPTAIN MARVEL**

and the

**RETURN OF MR. TAWNY**

**THE MARVELOUS TALKING TIGER**

be the first in your town  
to wear this sensational  
**COROZO NUT RING**

said to bring **GOOD LUCK** to the wearer



NO. 1



NO. 2



NO. 3



NO. 4



NO. 5



NO. 6



NO. 7



NO. 8



NO. 9



NO. 10

**CHOICE OF ANY  
RING, LADIES' & GENTS'  
BOYS' & GIRLS' STYLES**  
Get Acquainted Offer!

Special at **50c** each post-paid

The rings are hand carved and hand polished to a beautiful ebony black, then set with simulated pearl. Order one of these fascinating rings today. Your choice of any ring **ONLY 50c postpaid**. (Order by Numbers.) Sorry—no C. O. D. orders at this special price.

**SEND 50c CASH, STAMPS or MONEY ORDER** with your name, address and ring size.

*Beware of Substitutes: Our rings are guaranteed to be the genuine Corozo Nut Rings.*

**HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)**  
30 Church Street, Dept. C-254, New York 7, N. Y.

**SPECIAL!!**

**H**ERE is the latest craze in "good luck" jewelry—the Corozo Nut Ring—hand carved from the nut of the Corozo Palm. These rings are highly prized by the natives of Puerto Rico because of the legend that **GOOD LUCK ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE WEARER**.

Thousands of people paid \$1 apiece for these rings. Through our special "get acquainted" offer you may have your choice of any ring for **ONLY 50c**. Sale price (cash orders only).

Fill in coupon, clip and mail now! For Ring Size. Cut out the strip, wrap tightly around middle joint of ring finger. Number that marks end of short strip is your ring size.

**HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)**  
30 Church Street, Dept. C-254, New York 7, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days trial the ring I have checked below, for which I am enclosing 50c.

If at the end of 10 days I wish to return the ring, you are to refund my money at once.

STYLE No.  1  2  3  4  5  6  7  8  9  10

(PLEASE PRINT) (Select any ring you like)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**NOTE:** Sorry no C. O. D. orders sent at this special low price. Be sure to enclose 50c per ring in Cash, Stamps or Money Order.

**Guaranteed** wear 100  
10 days, if not pleased re-  
turn and get your money  
back.

# CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

Executive Editor  
**WILL LIEBERSON**

A Fawcett Publication  
Editor  
**WENDELL CROWLEY**

Chief Artist  
**C. C. BECK**



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words

A Fawcett Publication

CAPT. MARVEL  
ADVENTURES

•  
WHIZ COMICS

•  
CAPT. MARVEL, JR.

•  
MASTER COMICS

•  
THE MARVEL FAMILY

•  
GON WINSLOW  
OF THE NAVY

•  
FAWCETT'S  
FUNNY ANIMALS

•  
TOM MIX WESTERN

•  
OZZIE AND BABS

•  
CAPT. MIDNIGHT

•  
MARY MARVEL

•  
NYDKA

•  
THE JUNGLE GIRL

•  
HOPALONG CASSIDY

•  
WOW COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr.*  
PRESIDENT

In This Issue:

**CAPTAIN  
MARVEL**

in

• **"SIVANA MEETS  
AUNT MINERVA"**

• **"THE STREAMLINING  
OF CAPT. MARVEL"**

• **"THE MEDIEVAL DEMON"**

• **"THE RETURN  
OF MR. TAWNY"**

• Also •

**RIB-TICKLING  
HUMOR FEATURES  
AND ANOTHER JON  
JARL ADVENTURE!**



**ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREATEST MEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER AND PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE BOY REPORTER, BILLY BATSON.**

**WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT WIZARD, SHAZAM, HE BECOMES IN A BUNDLING FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, CAPTAIN MARVEL!**

**WHEN EVIL IS DEFEATED AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED, CAPTAIN MARVEL REPEATS THE MAGIC WORD AND CHANGES BACK TO BILLY ONCE MORE! SO AMAZING IS THIS CHANGE THAT MOST PEOPLE NEVER REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED!**

MARCH, 1948. Vol. 14, No. 42

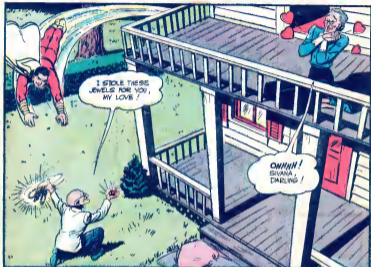
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# Captain MARVEL

## IN SIVANA MEETS AUNT MINERVA



IN THE LABORATORY OF SIVANA, WORLD'S WICKEDEST SCIENTIST...

**BAH!** I'VE TRIED A THOUSAND INGENUOUS, COMPLICATED INVENTIONS TO KILL CAPTAIN MARVEL / NONE EVER WORKED---AND NEITHER WILL THIS ONE!



THE SIMPLE WAY IS BEST! I'LL CLIMB IN THE WINDOW OF BILLY BATSON'S HOME, AND SLIT HIS THROAT!

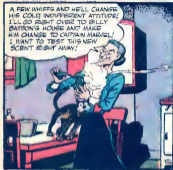
**NEH-NEH-NEH!** THAT WILL GET RID OF CAPTAIN MARVEL FOREVER!

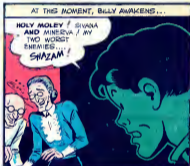
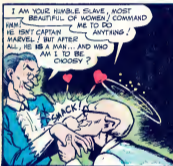


MEANWHILE, AUNT MINERVA, WOMAN UNDERWORLD LEADER, IS PERFECTING A PLOT OF ANOTHER KIND AGAINST THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!

I'VE TRIED MANY WAYS TO MAKE CAPTAIN MARVEL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME AND FAIL! BUT NOT EVEN HE WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST THIS MAGIC PEE-EE-PLUM!

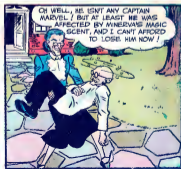
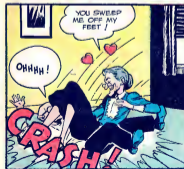


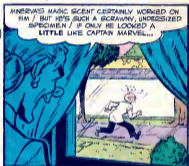
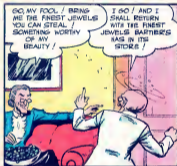




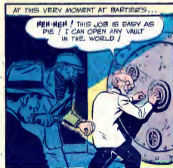
WHEN BILLY BATSON SAYS "SHAZAM!" HE IS ANSWERED BY A CRASH OF LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES HIM TO MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL!



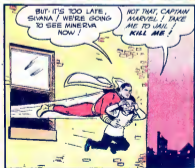
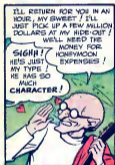
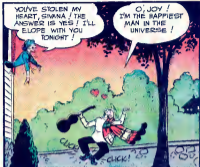
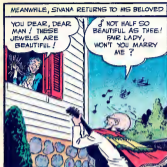














**SOAR TO A NEW PEAK OF FUN**  
 ...Join the **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB!**

**CAPTAIN MARVEL**  
 Fantasy Film Quarterly, Inc.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the grand **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB**. I enclose the (in case of change) to cover the cost of mailing **CARD**, which contains the secret code, and the **CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON** along with many other options.

Your Address: .....

City: .....

State: .....

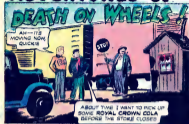
Zip: .....

Please be sure that your check is paid for weekly or that your membership will not be held on

**SEND FOR YOUR CLUB CARD AND MEMBERSHIP BUTTON...**

**TOY!**

# ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



**WILLIAM "BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS**

**RIGHT, PARD! RC SURE TASTES BEST!**

Bill Elliott's favorite brand is R.C. He tried leading roles in paper cups, found Royal Crown Cola tasted much the best. Try it. You'll get glasses in each bottle!

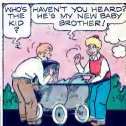
See Bill Elliott in "OLD LOS ANGELES" A Republic Picture

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**  
Bottled by THE BOTTLE

# DOPEY DANNY DEE



## BABY TALK



## TIGHTWAD TAB

"THINK OF IT"



Since 1877—  
America's  
FIRST Bicycle

1948  
DELUXE  
MODEL

**Columbia**

Exclusive Columbia  
Precision Frame

Famous New Dap-  
pore Coaster Brakes

Full-Protection Air-  
Flow Chainguard

Exclusive Built-in  
Parking Stand

Bright Chrome  
Metric Headlight

Bright Chrome  
Fork Truss Rods

Terrific Euc-  
alyptus Steel Spokes

Long-Wearing  
U.S. Royal Chain Tires  
with Airtite Tubes

**WIN ONE OF THESE  
1,000 Columbia BIKES!**

### JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!

**FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES.** Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ." (Just examples, of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many more. Just name that bike into your head and you win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this seasonal prize contest.

### 1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

**SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES.** Eat lots of Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name-Your-Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Get down some names right now! Mail an entry today! Now!

### EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST RULES:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Prior the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Box No. 1306A, Minneapolis, Minn. 2. Enclose a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. 3. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. 4. Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decisions of three judges—faculty members of U. of Minn.—final. Duplicate prizes in case of tie. 5. Entries become property of General Mills. None will be returned. 6. Contest open to all residents of U. S. its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after midnight, entries must be received. Entries will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 498, at 975 Marquette, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

**WHEATIES,  
BOX 1306A, MPLS., MINN.**

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is:

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

MY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ PLEASE PRINT

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

IMPORTANT: Check model you want:  BOY'S (Bright Red)  GIRL'S (Teal Blue)



THE STREAMLINING OF

*Captain* **MARVEL**



HOLY MOLEY! IT'S 'BLIMP' BALDWIN'S GANG!

CAPTAIN MARVEL!

ONE DAY, WHILE CAPTAIN MARVEL IS FLYING TO STATION WHIZ....



GIVE THE HORDS FULL POWER! QUICK!



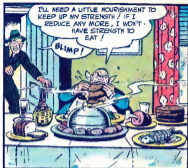
YOU'RE TOO LATE!

SOK

UGH!







SEVERAL HOURS LATER ...

GOLLY! EVERY LETTER SO FAR HAS BEEN URGING CAPTAIN MARVEL TO LOSE WEIGHT!

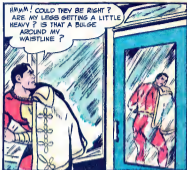
AND THIS ONE IS NO EXCEPTION! THE WRITER CALLS CAPTAIN MARVEL A FAT RED CREEPER! IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE A CAMPAIGN OF SOME SORT!

BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE TO GET CAPTAIN MARVEL TO REDUCE? I GUESS THE IDEA JUST STRUCK EVERYONE. SUDDENLY / HMM / I WONDER IF CAPTAIN MARVEL IS OVERWEIGHT?

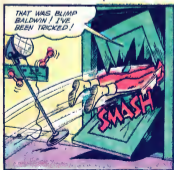
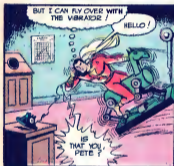


WHEN BILLY BATSON GIVES SHAZAM, MAGIC LIGHTNING CHANGES HIM INTO THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL!



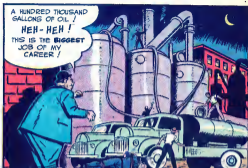


CAPTAIN MARVEL





I'VE GOT TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH BLUMP BALDWIN AT THE JONAS OIL REFINERIES!



A HUNDRED THOUSAND GALLONS OF OIL!  
HEH-HEH!  
THIS IS THE BIGGEST JOB OF MY CAREER!



SUDDENLY...

YOUR CAREER IS ALMOST OVER!

CAPTAIN MARVEL! HE'S HERE!



DON'T GO AWAY, BOYS! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE OIL YOU WANT!

HALP!

SPLUTTER!

SLURP!



STOP THE TRUCK! OR I'LL DROP YOUR BOSS RIGHT ON YOU!

NOT THAT! WE'LL SURRENDER!



SOON...

HERE'S BLUMP AND HIS GANG! READY TO START SERVING A LONG JAIL SENTENCE!

GOSH! NO WONDER THEY CALL CAPTAIN MARVEL THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL! HE'S ACTUALLY CARRYING BLUMP BALDWIN!

BLUMP BALDWIN IS LOSING WEIGHT FAST! ON A PRISON DIET OF BREAD AND WATER! AS FAR AS CAPTAIN MARVEL IS CONCERNED, HE'S STILL HIS OLD TRIM SELF. THE REDUCING ROUTINE DIDN'T AFFECT HIM A BIT!

THE DUNNY IN THE WAX MUSEUM!

**The Adventures of DICKIE HAWKINS**

**SAM SPADE**

**LISTEN TO!** The Adventures of Sam Spade every day and see your Columbia 12" Records. Sam really brings to your best imagination!

**MURDER IN KILLER CORNERED in Lower East Side!**

Police reported the Lower East Side was today happy to catch the fugitive who shot his way through a low-class apartment house to one of the country's most renowned investigators—Sam Spade.

I'VE AN IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT BE. CHEP, COME ON!

THAT KILLER MUST BE INVISIBLE. GARY, HE CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE!

IT'S SO GLAD YOU PUT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ON YOUR HAIR THIS MORNING. SHALL I NOW TELL YOU HOW AND FOR THE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS AFTER GETTING THIS GUY?

**EFFIE AND THE CHIEF FOLLOW SAM DOWN NARROW, DESERTED STREETS AT A HURRY, FROM SAM'S TIGHT GRIP AN OLD-PACKAGED WAX MUSEUM.**

ELL, SAM— WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THIS PLACE!

CHEP, THERE'S AN EXHIBT UPSTAIRS, I WANT TO CHECK!



SEE, SAM—THESE DUNNIES WOULD LOOK REAL IF THERE WERE HERE NEAT AND NATURAL-LOOKING.

YEA! I ALWAYS SAY A GUY'S A DUNNY IF HE DOESN'T USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC!

STOP, LOUIS SPINCE IF THAT KILLER'S HERE, HE'S DOWN HERE!

**SAM HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE EXHIBIT OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, AS HE PULLS THE HOOD OFF THE DUNNY'S FACE ...**

LOOK OUT, SAM!

**TAKY A TIP FROM SAM SPADE— WILDROOT CREAM-OIL MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SWELL. I F MAKE IT FEEL GOOD TOO! IT'S A HE MAN'S HAIR TONIC FOR GUYS WHO WANT TO LOOK THEIR BEST! TRY IT!**

**WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC**

BRINGS THE HAIR BELIEVES ARTICLES BELIEVES LOOSE SANDSTAY

NICE SHOOTING, CHIEF—YOU JUST SHOT HIM!

YEA! I'LL LIVE TO HIT IN A SMALL HOT GUY!

**LATER—IN SAM'S OFFICE**

LOOK, SAM! HERE'S YOUR PAPER. BY THE WAY, YOU LOOK HANDSOME!

NATCH, SWEETHEART! THAT'S WHAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL DOES FOR A GUY—GIVE HIM DUNNY!

# TIGHTWAD TAD

\*SERIOUS MATTER\*



...I SAW THE DOCTOR GOING INTO YOUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT.

THAT'S RIGHT HE DID COME TO MY HOUSE



THERE'S TIGHTWAD TAD EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT I WANT TO ASK HIM SOMETHING

OH HELLO JONES HOW ARE YOU?

I'M FINE, BUT HOW ABOUT YOU?



I HOPE IT WAS NOTHING SERIOUS THE DOCTOR WAS CALLING ABOUT?

IT WAS VERY SERIOUS...



...HE CALLED TO COLLECT HIS BILL!



DOESN'T MAKE SENSE



H'YA, DOPEY DANNY DEE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WRITING A LETTER.



SAY, TOMMY.

YES?



HOW DO YOU SPELL 'SENSE'?

???



WHICH DO YOU MEAN, HORSE 'SENSE' OR DOLLARS AND 'CENTS'?

NEITHER, I MEAN THE 'SENSE' WHEN YOU SAY...



...I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SENSE 'TUESDAY'!



# MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED

**MODEL BUILDERS!**  
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED PLANS  
ARE TOPS—BECAUSE THEY'RE  
TESTED!!



**"WEDGIE"**

If you've built a few rubber powered models and are interested in a design you made that you can make a "Wedgie" "Wedgie" has many parts of 27 colors and will take most small gas engines. Plan No. 361, 10 cents.



**"SKYHOPPER"**

And that's what this paper is all about. You can make rubber powered models that will follow the instructions and you'll have a model that is yours. You can also make a lot of other models. Plan No. 362, 10 cents.

**"STINSON 180"**

This model actually looks like the real Stinson biplane but it's actually made of rubber powered. The wings are 18 inches. It makes good use of the engine. Plan No. 363, only 10 cents.



Yes, that's what model airplane builders all over the country are saying about these **REAL SIZE** plans! You may think model building is tough but with these accurate drawings it's as easy as A B C. Just study the plans, follow the instructions and you'll produce a safe flyer. Materials are available from any hobby shop. Thousands of fellows have successfully built models from **MI** plans—so why aren't you? If it's a rubber powered job, a flying scale model or a gas engine powered flying wing, then take your pick. They're all easy to build—and the original designs were thoroughly flight tested! The supply is limited so use the handy coupon and mail your order in today.

...and

IF YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN MODEL SCIENCE AND ROBERTS IN GENERAL TALK TO YOUR MAN ABOUT A YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MECHANIX MAGAZINE WE WILL MAIL YOU THE NEXT 43 ISSUES FOR ONLY \$1.00 AND WILL SEND YOU



MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED PLANS SERVICE Box 151  
Fawcett Building • Greenwich, Connecticut

**SPECIAL OFFER!** Plan No. 363  (15¢)  
Plan No. 368  (50¢)  
ALL 3 PLANS ONLY \$1.00  Plan No. 362  (50¢)  
1 yr. subscription  \$1.00

Please send me the items checked above. I am enclosing \$\_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

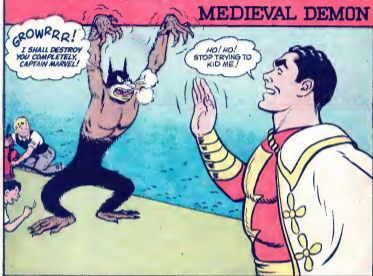
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

..... Please PRINT clearly. Use PENCIL .....

# Captain MARVEL

AND THE  
MEDIEVAL DEMON



**GROWRRR!**

I SHALL DESTROY  
YOU COMPLETELY,  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HO! HO!  
STOP TRYING TO  
KID ME!

**N**OBODY BELIEVES IN DEMONS ANYMORE, BUT THERE WAS A TIME WHEN PEOPLE DID BELIEVE IN DEMONS ...AND WHEN MEN LIKE HORACE STOKER, PRACTITIONER OF BLACK MAGIC, WERE FEARED BY A SUPERSTITIOUS TOWNSFOLK WHO PAID WELL FOR PROTECTION AGAINST EVIL SPELLS!

**B**UT THESE ARE HARD DAYS FOR MEN LIKE HORACE STOKER, LARGELY OWING TO SUCH MODERN INVENTIONS AS THE RADIO...

BILLY BATSON SPEAKING, FOLKS!  
TODAY IS FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH!  
IN OLDEN TIMES THIS WAS  
SUPPOSED TO BE THE DAY  
WHEN BLACK MAGIC  
AND WITCHCRAFT  
WORKED  
BEST...

HA-HA!  
PEOPLE WERE  
FOOLS IN THOSE  
DAYS!

YOU'RE THE FOOLS!  
I COULD DESTROY  
YOU WITH MY BLACK  
MAGIC IF I WANTED  
TO!

IT'S POOR  
OLD HORACE  
STOKER!



HE'S BEEN USING THAT BLACK MAGIC ROUTINE TO SKE OUT A LIVING FROM THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN FOR YEARS!



BITTER ARE THE THOUGHTS OF HORACE STOKER, DISCIPLE OF THE OCCULT AND EVIL...

MY WEEK'S COLLECTION! HARDLY ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY FOOD, AND PAY THE RENT ON THIS MOTH-EATEN SHACK!



BLACK MAGIC ISN'T THE PROFESSION IT USED TO BE! I OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A PLUMBER, LIKE MY FATHER, AND HIS FATHER, BEFORE HIM! AT LEAST PLUMBERS MAKE A LIVING!



I MUST DO SOMETHING STUPENDOUS SO PEOPLE WILL BE AFRAID OF MY MAGIC POWER! I KNOW! I'LL DESTROY CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!



THINK OF THE SENSATION IT WILL CAUSE! THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL DESTROYED BY A BLACK MAGIC DEMON! HERE'S JUST THE ONE FOR THE JOB!



HE'S A VERY IMPORTANT DEMON! AND I'M A LITTLE OUT OF PRACTICE FOR BIG JOBS LIKE THIS! I HOPE HE ANSWERS MY INCANTATION!



OHM...  
OGTHA...  
MEREDEY...  
SHL...!

AS HORACE STOKER REALIZES, HE IS OUT OF PRACTICE.

SO WHILE THE DEMON APPEARS (FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR HUNDRED YEARS) HE DOESN'T SHOW UP QUITE WHERE HORACE INTENDED!



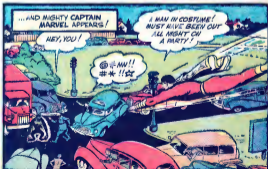
WHEN BILLY BATSON SAYS SHAZAM, THERE IS AN ANSWERING CRASH OF LIGHTNING...



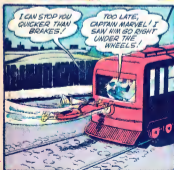
...AND MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL APPEARS!

HEY, YOU!

A MAN IN COSTUME!  
MUST HAVE BEEN OUT  
ALL NIGHT ON  
A PARTY!

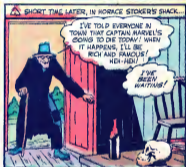
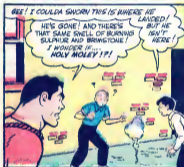
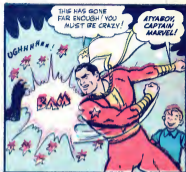


CAPTAIN MARVEL









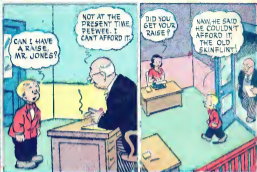


# PEE WEE



# PETE

ESCAPES THE  
DOG HOUSE



CAN I HAVE  
A RAISE,  
MR. JONES?

NOT AT THE  
PRESENT TIME,  
PEEWEE. I  
CAN'T AFFORD IT.

DID YOU  
GET YOUR  
RAISE?

NAW, HE SAID  
HE COULDN'T  
AFFORD IT,  
THE OLD  
SKINFLINT!



I WISH HE WERE  
IN THE POOR HOUSE  
AND I HAD ALL  
HIS MONEY!

WHAT DID YOU  
SAY, PEEWEE?

ER, ER--



NEVER MIND! I HEARD WHAT YOU  
SAID! SUPPOSE I WERE IN THE  
POOR HOUSE AND YOU HAD ALL  
MY MONEY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WHY, I'D TAKE  
YOU OUT OF THE  
POOR HOUSE  
THE VERY FIRST  
THING!

PEE WEE PETE APPEARS EVERY  
MONTH IN THE MARVEL FAMILY!

# HOBO OF THE VOID

*A Jon Jarl Adventure*

By

*Eando Binder*



“CAN you spare a sandwich and a cuppa coffee, lady?”

The woman stared from the door of her home at the ill-clad unshaven figure before her. “A tramp, eh?” she said distastefully.

“Yes, ma’am,” he admitted slowly. “Just a space tramp. I roam all around the worlds, picking up hand-outs wherever I can get ‘em.”

“Why don’t you get a job?” she said sharply.

“Listen, lady, I once had a job. A big job. I—” He stopped and his eyes went bleak. “But why hand you a hard-luck story? I’m hungry right now, that’s all.”

SLAM!

That was the door closing abruptly in his face. The space hobo turned away slowly, then shrugged. There were many other homes in this crater of the Moon. He could try others and hope for a kinder reception.

He was in giant Tycho crater, 54 miles across, one of the largest on the Moon. There was breathable air here, for so-called “heavy” air, had been pumped in.

There was also a low, quiet hum in the air. It came from the huge sprawling mass of machinery that almost crammed the crater from end to end. It was an Atomic Power Station. It had been set up on the Moon for safety’s sake, and sent its power to Earth via ether waves. Since Tycho, and the Moon, always faced the Earth, such power waves could be radiated down to Earth continuously, 24 hours a day. Down on Earth, almost all lights and factories and industries received their power from the AP Station on Luna.

It took a staff of 1000 men to keep the gigantic power plant in operation. Their families lived in a village on the crater floor. And it was among these families that the space hobo hoped to get a meal or two, before he moved on.

He was about to knock on the next door, when a loud clanging sounded. An emergency alarm! Then he saw the men running from the power plant in frightened panic.

“The power plant went wild!” screamed one engineer. “It’s going to blow up!”

For the first time in a hundred years, the long-dreaded emergency had arisen. Atomic Power had been harnessed and used since the 20th century. But it had always been like a wild caged beast. It might at any moment break loose catastrophically.

The space hobo now heard the ominous rising drone from the power plant. It meant that untold millions of kilowatts of energy were building up to the breaking point—and nobody could stop it!

The community was prepared for the emergency. They had held drills once a week. The men rounded up their families and dashed for the hangars. There, ten space ships were waiting, ready to take them away. One by one they wheeled out and people piled in.

The space hobo stopped one man. “Can’t the explosion be prevented?” he asked.

“No!” yelled back the engineer. “The control screens broke down. The whole plant is going hog wild. The whole place is going to blow up inside of an hour!”

“I’d better get a ride on one of those ships myself,” the space tramp said, as if suddenly realizing his own danger.

But at the first ship, a man shoved him back. “No room here. Try the next one!”

At the next one the answer was the same—and at the next. Finally, the space hobo saw the last of the ships drum into the sky and vanish.

He was alone. Alone in the crater with a giant Atomic Power plant on the rampage!

**T**HE alarming news spread all through space by radio. Not far beyond the Moon cruised the rocket ship of Lieutenant Jon

Jarl, of the Space Patrol. He stiffened as a call came from headquarters on Earth.

"Calling all Space Patrol Sbiops! Atomic Power Station at Tycho reported soon to explode! Veer off, if you are near!"

Jon snapped his hands to his controls, shooting away from the Moon. He was much too close if there were going to be an Atomic explosion. But at the same time, in curiosity, he peered back at Tycho through his small telescope. The powerful glass showed the plant clearly, the houses, and . . .

Jon gasped. He also saw the lone figure of a man down there!

Jon turned and raced back toward the Moon. It was a Space Policeman's duty to save lives when possible, as well as track down crime. Would there be time to pick up the stranded man and escape?

**J**ON landed in Tycho, and leaped out of his ship. He found the space tramp staring at the power plant. He turned, surprised.

"You young fool!" the hobo snapped. "Why did you come?"

"To save you, naturally," Jon explained.

"I'm not worth saving," the space tramp returned. "Did you ever hear the name of Dr. Orel?"

"Dr. Orel? The scientist who had charge of the AP Station up on Asteroid Y, and let it blow up?" Jon gasped.

"That's me," nodded the hobo. "Or that was me, ten years ago. I was careless. I forgot to have the control screens repaired. The whole asteroid blew to bits, along with 500 men. I was on Mars at the time, on vacation. It was my fault. Like a coward, I fled when they came for me. Since then I've been just a space hobo."

Jon grunted in pity. This derelict, once an honored scientist, was now just a tramp with 500 lives on his soul.

Jon suddenly had a horrifying thought. "What if the whole Moon blows up like the asteroid did?"

The hobo nodded grimly. "It could happen. Or, at least, the Moon might crack in half. And the two halves might then fall down on Earth."

Jon groaned. It would be the worst catastrophe in human history. "Is there any way to stop the explosion—any way at all?"

The hobo's eyes suddenly shone strangely. "I think there is!" he said swiftly. "If a man enters the Fission Chamber with a cadmium rod, he might be able to dampen the rays

pouring out. Of course, he won't come out alive . . ."

"Show me a cadmium rod," shouted Jon. "Hurry!"

Together, they raced into the power plant. A four-wheeled runabout shot them toward the heart of the plant, where the raging fires of Atomic power were building up, like a furnace getting hotter and hotter to the melting point. The air was hot. Leaking rays prickled their skin.

They stopped outside a towering graphite chamber. Inside boiled the mighty atom energy, ready to burst forth and blow up the Moon. The hobo held up a long thick rod of dull metal.

"This is a cadmium rod," he panted. "It absorbs neutrons and dampens atomic energy, like water on fire."

"Let me have it," yelled Jon, reaching for the rod.

But instead of the rod, Jon received a jolting blow on the chin that blotted out his senses.

**I**T was minutes later that Jon picked himself up, dazed. Then he remembered. He glanced anxiously at the Fission Chamber. It was quiet. Only a low hum came from it, like an AP plant in normal operation.

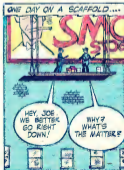
The sliding door of the Fission Chamber slowly opened. The space hobo was framed in the doorway. Jon shuddered. His clothing had been burned away. His skin was purple and . . . glowing. Radioactive burn . . . no man could live after such exposure to the most killing radiations known. He must be in agony.

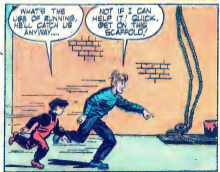
But the space hobo—or Dr. Orel—was smiling. "Sorry to clip you on the jaw," he croaked. "But you see . . . I had to make up . . . for the other . . . time!" Then his voice faded and died.

Jon rubbed his jaw. Then, stiffening and squaring his shoulders, he saluted the lifeless form on the floor. There was one thing would never go in the records—that he had ever been a space hobo . . .

THE END

There will be another stirring **JON JARL** story in next month's **CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!**







BUT AT THAT MOMENT.



WE'RE FALLING! GRAB THE BOARD!



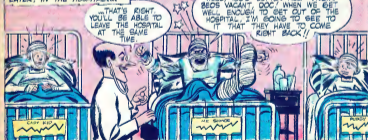
UGH! I'M LOSING MY GRIP!



HUH!



LATER, IN THE HOSPITAL...



...THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL AT THE SAME TIME.

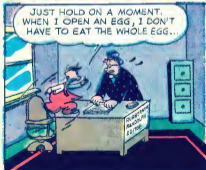
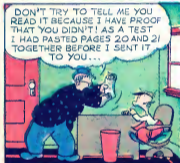
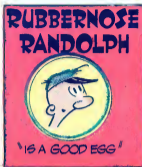
WELL, YOU'D BETTER KEEP *THEIR* BEDS VACANT, DOC! WHEN WE GET WELL ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT THEY HAVE TO COME RIGHT BACK!!

## CLUB MEMBERS!

HERE'S YOUR REGULAR CODE MESSAGE! GET OUT YOUR CODE FINDER AND FIGURE IT OUT!



SV00L, KZCH, W2W BLP VEV! IFA ZXILHH ZMBYUWIF  
 DSL PVKS GSOPRMT ZVLFQ 'GSV TLLW LOW WZBH' ?  
 DVDO, E' WRW ZM Z INWWS ZWEMASFIN ZMW ULRW LFS  
 G4ZS GSV DL0W RH NLIV LKVA GL G6LHV DSL K0ZM  
 ULJ GSV UFGFIV ZAHASVZIV LU CZEKWT R0M GSV KZHG!  
 TZW GSV DL0W LU GLMLBD ZH MVCO NLMSGIV BSHFV!  
 RSH ZM ZWHK0RWT HGLB!





# Captain MARVEL AND THE RETURN OF MR. TAWNY



VISITORS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM ARE TREATED TO A RARE EXPERIENCE... FOR THEIR LECTURE GUIDE IS A TALKING TIGER --- MR. TAWNY!

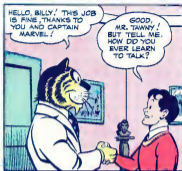


BILLY BATSON, BOY NEWS-CASTER OF STATION WHIZ, ARRIVES AT THE MUSEUM ON A SPECIAL VISIT.

MR. TAWNY, THE TALKING TIGER, CAME FROM THE JUNGLE. HE WANTED TO SEE CIVILIZATION, BUT HE SCARED PEOPLE TO DEATH UNTIL CAPTAIN MARVEL SHOWED HE WAS HARMLESS! NOW HE'S GOT THIS JOB!

FUNNY THING THOUGH----- I NEVER DID FIND OUT HOW MR. TAWNY LEARNED TO TALK JUST LIKE A HUMAN BEING!





THAT'S J.C. GARNER, MY BOSS! HE CAME TO TELL ME I WAS BEING PROMOTED! JUST THEN THE SHOT RANG OUT AND THE GUN WAS TOSSED INTO THE WINDOW! I PICKED UP THE GUN WITHOUT THINKING!



DON'T YOU SEE? SOMEBODY ELSE SHOT HIM FROM THE WINDOW! I'M INNOCENT!

HMMM! A CLEVER STORY! BUT MAYBE YOU KILLED YOUR BOSS SO YOU COULD HAVE HIS JOB! IT LOOKS BAD FOR YOU!



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE....

TELL US EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAW, CAPTAIN MARVEL!

WELL.....I CAME IN THE WINDOW AND SAW TOM TODD STANDING OVER THE DEAD BODY WITH THE SMOKING GUN!



BUT WAIT, I.....

WAIT, NOTHING! IT'S OPEN-AND-SHUT MURDER! WITH YOU AS THE CHIEF WITNESS, CAPTAIN MARVEL, TOM TODD WILL GET THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



SOMEHOW, I THINK YOUNG TOM IS INNOCENT! BUT HOLY MOLEY! MY TESTIMONY WILL SEND HIM TO THE CHAIR! NO LAWYER WILL BE ABLE TO DEFEND OR SAVE HIM!



AND IT IS A WORRIED BILLY BATSON WHO LATER VISITS MR. TANNY....

HELLO, BILLY! WHY THE WORRIED LOOK?

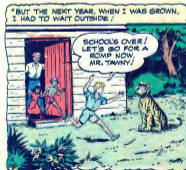
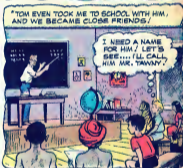
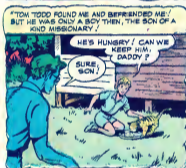
POOR TOM TODD... ACCUSED OF MURDER... CAPTAIN MARVEL, A WITNESS AGAINST HIM....



TOM TODD! DID YOU SAY TOM TODD? WHY HE'S MY OLD FRIEND! AT LAST I'VE RUN INTO HIM AGAIN!

YOU KNOW TOM TODD?





"BUT ONE DAY, THE NATIVE VILLAGE WAS UPSET BY A SKIM EVENT...."

TIGER DID THIS -----  
LAST NIGHT!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
HAS MY BOY'S  
PET TURNED  
KILLER?

TIGER  
KILLED MAN!  
MUST DIE!

NO,  
NO! HE  
WOULDN'T  
DO IT! HE'S  
INNOCENT!

RUN,  
MR. TANNY!  
INTO THE  
JUNGLE!

"DEEP INTO THE  
JUNGLE WE FLED,  
TOM AND I!"

YOU DIDN'T  
KILL THAT MAN,  
DID YOU? I'M SURE  
YOU DIDN'T! BUT  
IF YOU COULD  
ONLY TALK AND  
SAY SO...

???

"THEN AN OLD  
HERMIT CAME  
UPON US...."

IF YOU  
COULD  
ONLY TELL  
THEM YOU DIDN'T  
KILL ANYBODY!

???

MY BOY! LET YOUR TIGER DRINK  
THIS! I WAS JUST GOING TO TRY IT  
ON A WILD ANIMAL! IT IS A SERUM  
THAT WILL ENERGIZE HIS BRAIN AND  
ENABLE HIM TO USE HIS VOCAL  
CORDS FOR SPEECH!

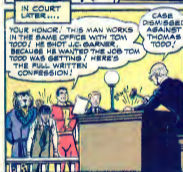
"THE SERUM WORKED! AND I WAS ABLE TO  
EXPRESS ALL THE KNOWLEDGE I HAD SILENT-  
LY ABSORBED WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL  
WITH TOM....."

HELLO, TOM! SAY, IT  
SURE IS SWELL TO TALK  
LIKE YOU  
HUMANS!

HE TALKS!  
YIPPIE!







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